

POLICE

COMICS

WALTON
COMICS
I.C.C.
11

NOVEMBER
No. 84

STILL 52 PAGES

10¢

PLASTIC MAN

plays a game
of chance with

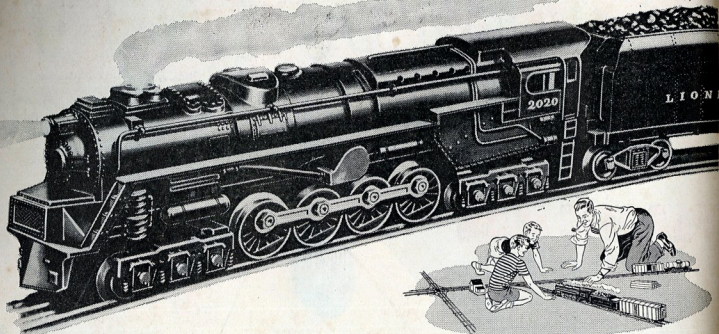
**LUCKY
SEVEN!**





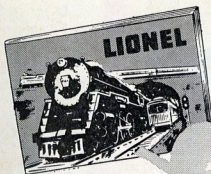
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LIONEL TRAINS

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PLASTIC MAN

You may think **PLASTIC MAN** has met elusive opponents before! But you haven't seen anything, until you read the exciting tale of **LUCKY SEVEN**.. the seventh son of a seventh son.. and the luckiest son of a gun who ever chose a criminal's career!



This story begins in a far-off land, where the wise Sheik Kurdu El Shan lay dying...

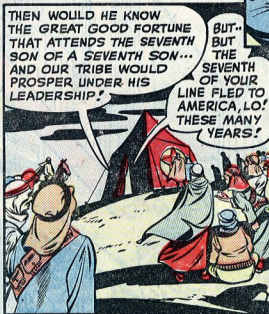


MY HOUR APPROACHES! MY FRIENDS, THERE IS ONE LAST REQUEST I MAKE OF YOU!

YOUR LEAST DESIRE IS OUR COMMAND, O SHEIK!



THIS TALISMAN WAS GIVEN TO ME BY MY FATHER! I WAS HIS SEVENTH SON! AT MY DEATH THE TALISMAN WAS TO PASS TO MY SEVENTH SON...



THEN WOULD HE KNOW THE GREAT GOOD FORTUNE THAT ATTENDS THE SEVENTH SON OF A SEVENTH SON... AND OUR TRIBE WOULD PROSPER UNDER HIS LEADERSHIP!

BUT... BUT THE SEVENTH OF YOUR LINE FLED TO AMERICA, LO! THESE MANY YEARS!



THAT IS... MY REQUEST! FIND HIM...AND GIVE HIM...THE TALISMAN...

IT WILL BE DONE, O SHEIK!



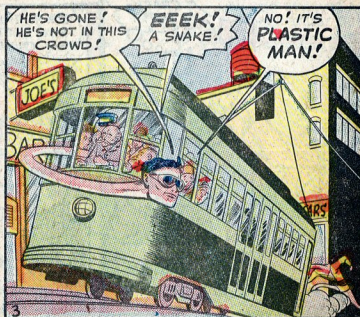
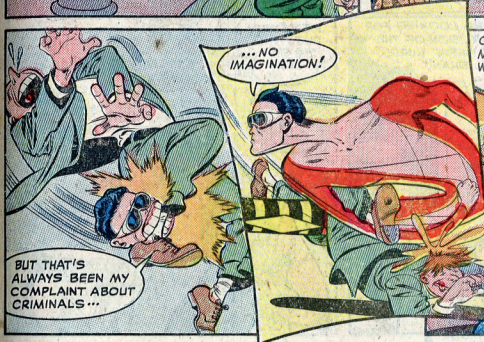
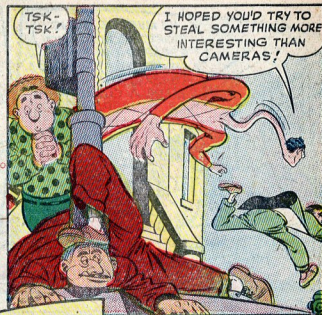
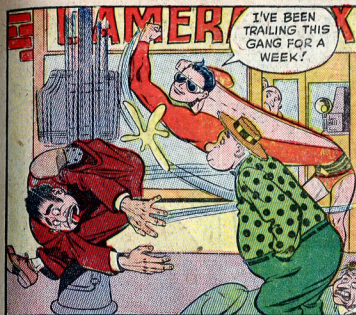
THE SHEIK IS DEAD!

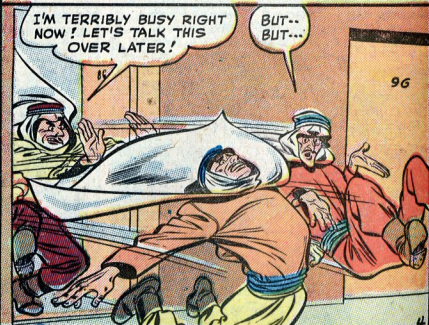
LET ME THINK! WHAT WAS HIS SON'S NAME? HADAR, I BELIEVE! YES ... IT WAS HADAR!

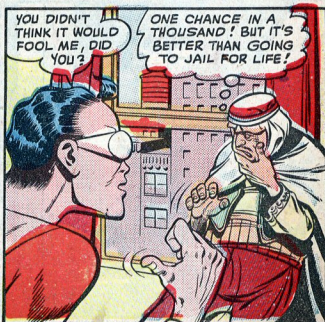
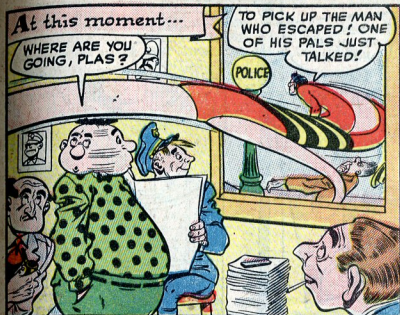
And this is Hadar, making the most of his opportunities in distant America...

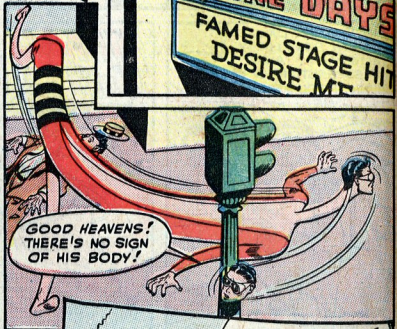


HANG THE LUCK! IT'S PLASTIC MAN!



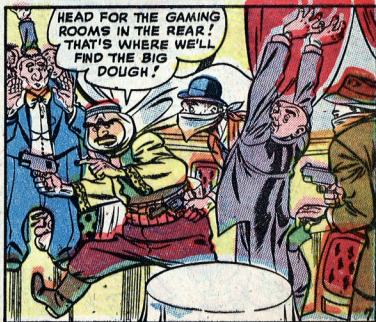
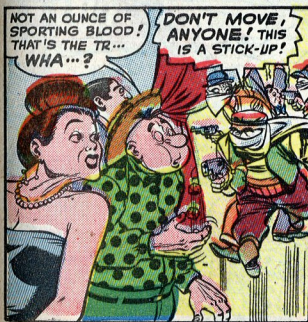
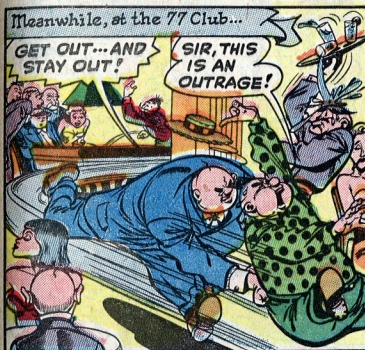
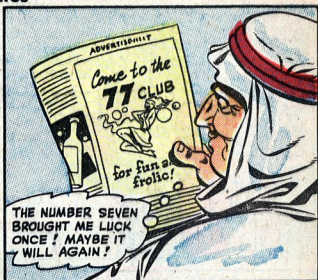




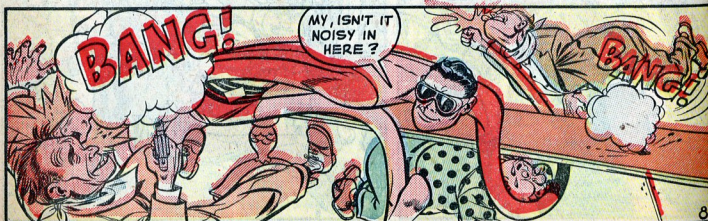
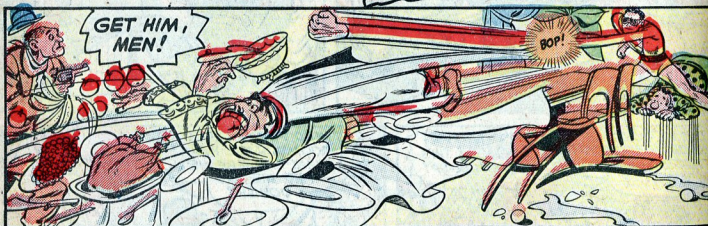
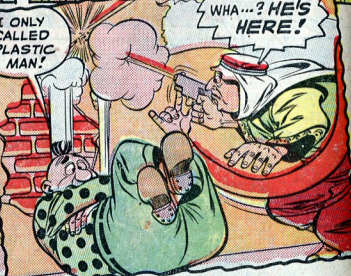
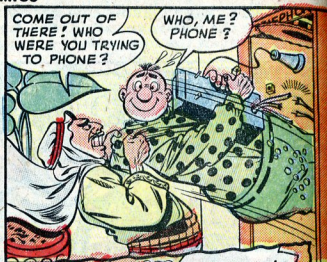


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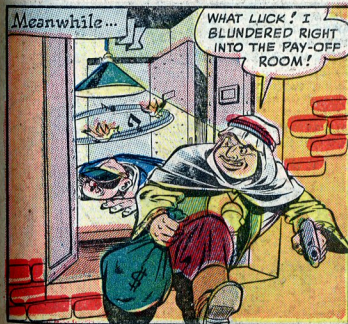
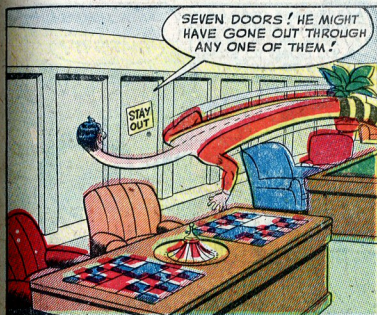
Plastic Man doesn't know how nearly right he is! For the talisman of Hidar has properties even its owner does not suspect...



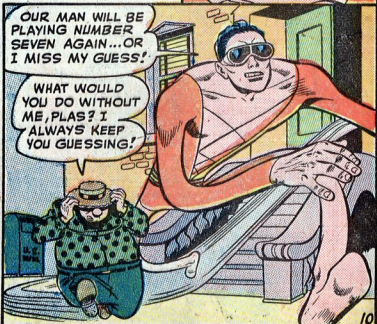
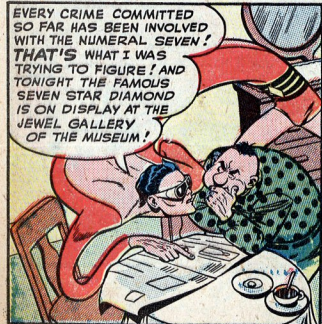
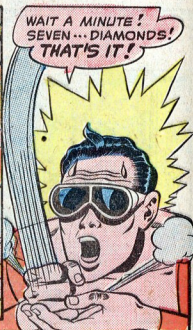
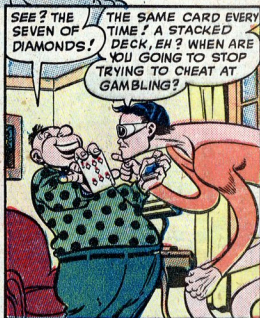
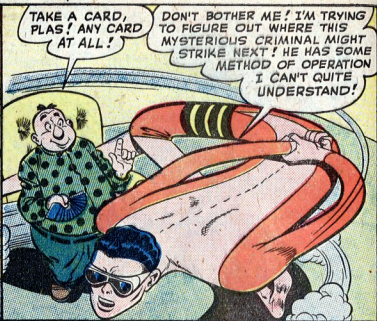
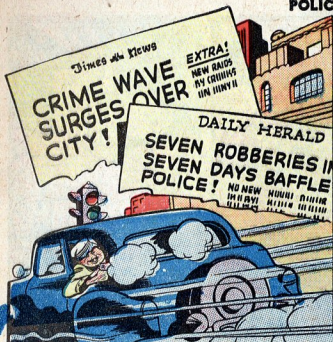
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At the Jewel Gallery...

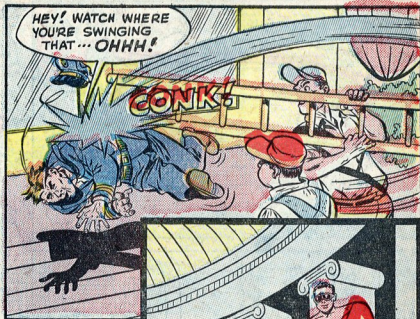
BUT THE GALLERY WON'T BE OPEN FOR ANOTHER HOUR!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT! WE'VE GOT ORDERS FROM THE DIRECTOR! SOME REPAIR WORK ON A SCAFFOLD...



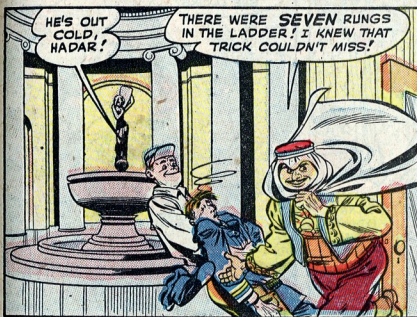
HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE SWINGING THAT... OHHH!

CONK!



HE'S OUT COLD, HADAR!

THERE WERE SEVEN RUNGS IN THE LADDER! I KNEW THAT TRICK COULDN'T MISS!



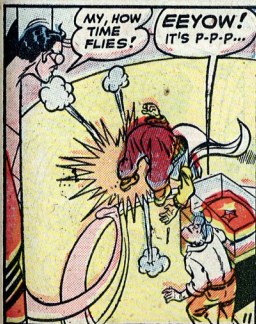
I CUT THE BURGLAR ALARM!

GOOD! WE'VE AN HOUR TO SPARE!



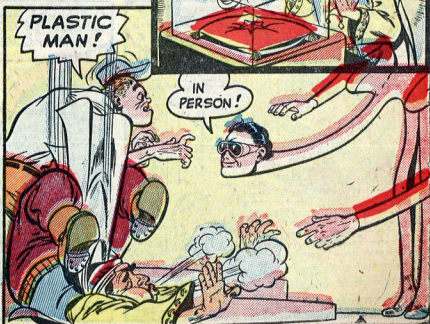
MY, HOW TIME FLIES!

EYEWOW! IT'S P-P-P...

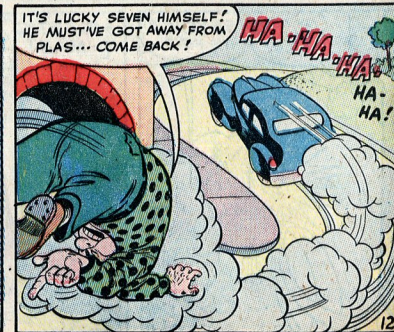
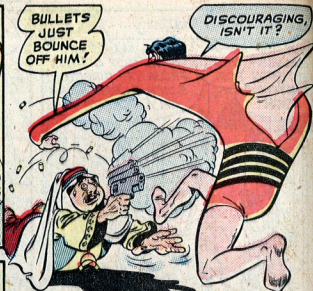
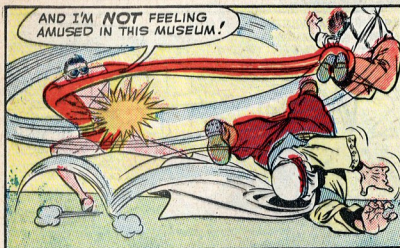


PLASTIC MAN!

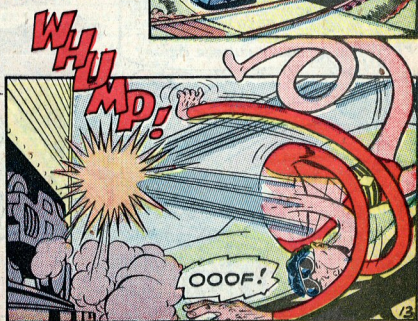
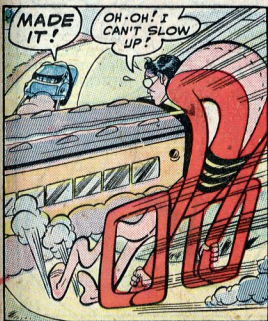
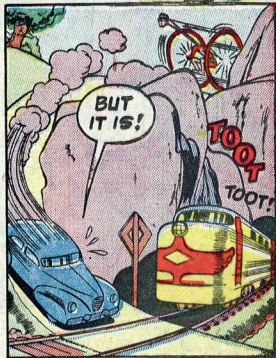
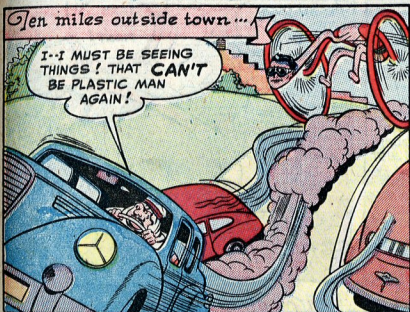
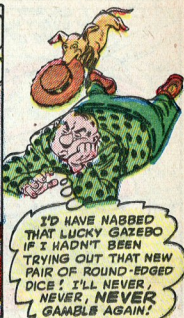
IN PERSON!



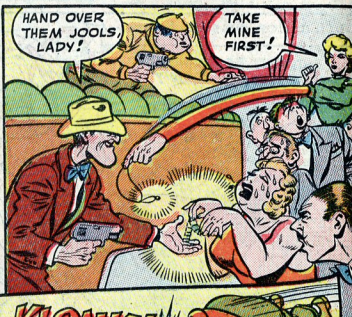
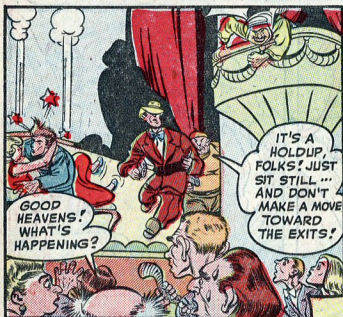
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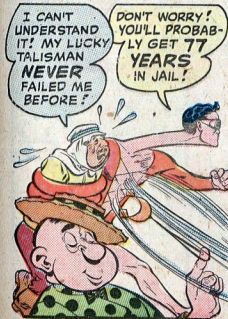
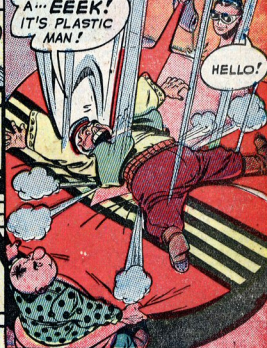
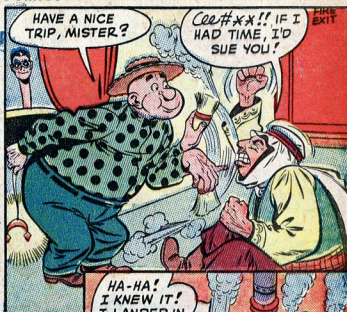
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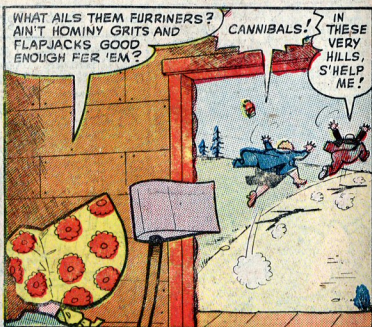
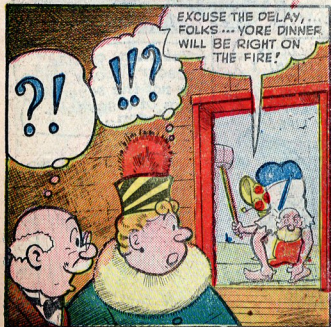
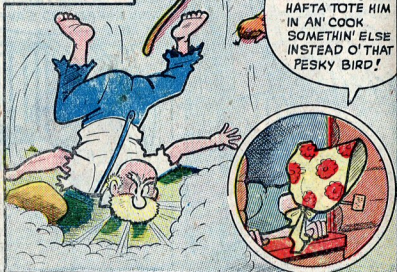
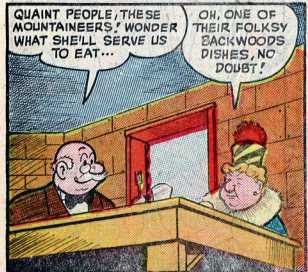
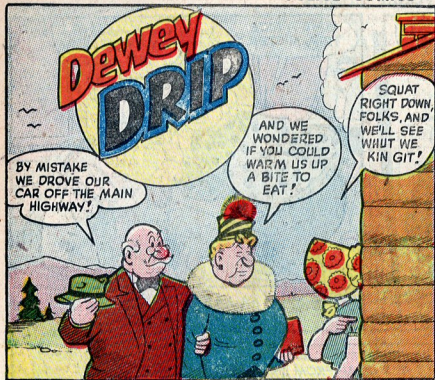


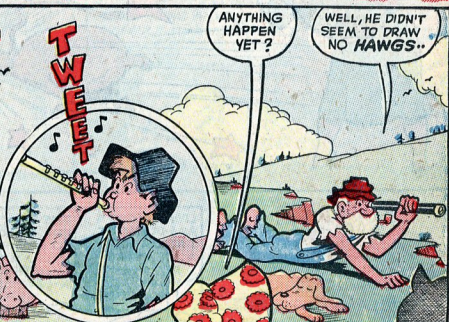
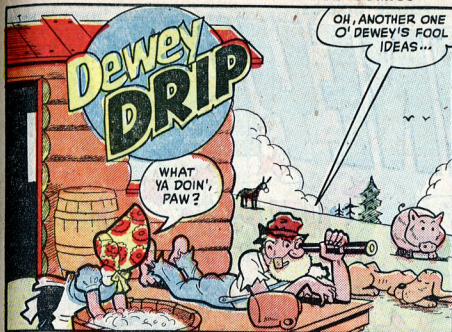
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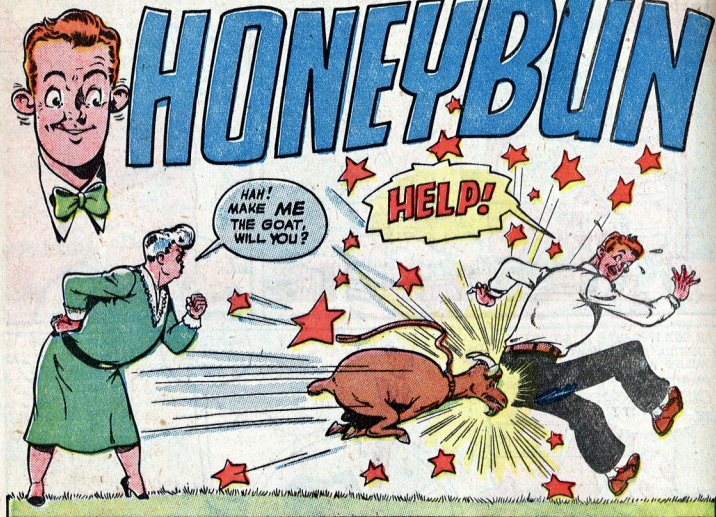
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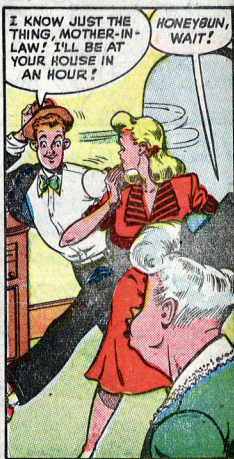
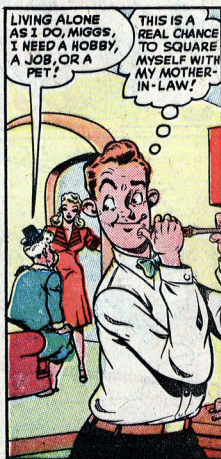




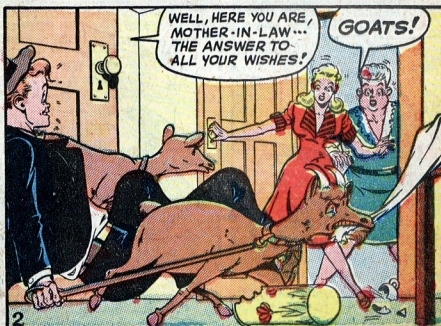
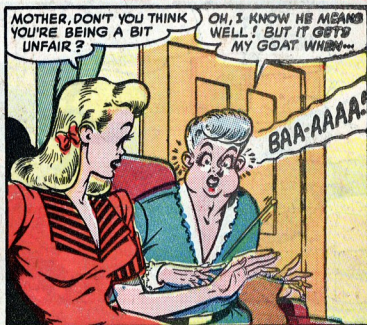
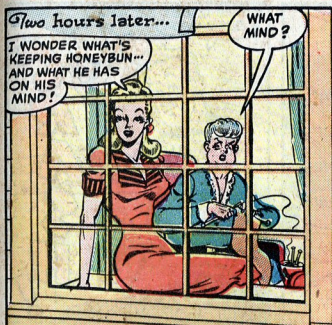
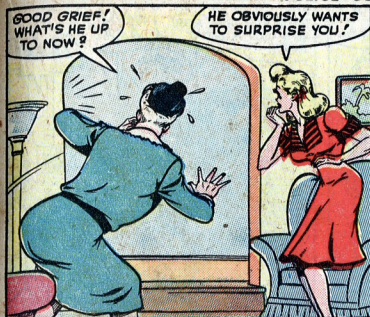
HONEYBUN

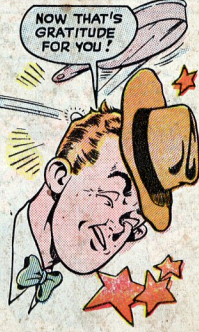
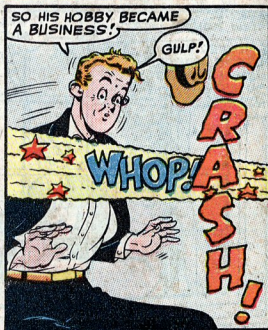
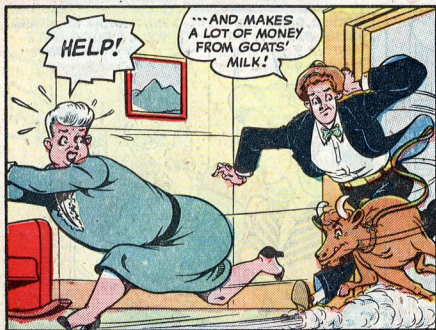


When his intentions toward mother-in-law are so honorable, why is Honeybun always the one who ends up as the butt of her bad humor?

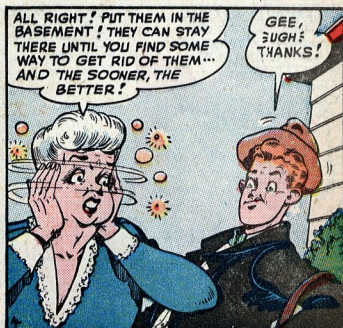
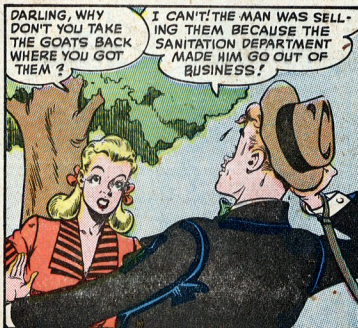
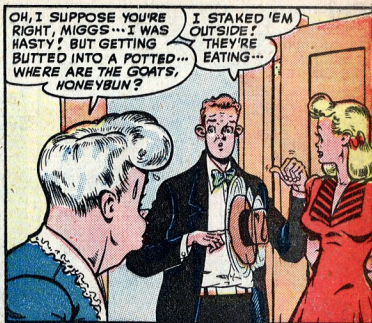


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That evening...

DID YOU FIND A BUYER FOR THE GOATS?

NO, MIGGS! BUT THE S.P.C.A. WILL FIND THEM A HOME! I CONTRIBUTED TWENTY-FIVE BUCKS TOWARD THEIR WORK ON THE CASE!

THE TRUCK MIGHT PICK THEM UP SOON, SO WE'D BETTER GET OVER TO YOUR MOTHER'S HOUSE! GEE, MIGGS, I...

I KNOW! YOU ALWAYS TRY TO BE NICE TO MOTHER! IT'S JUST THAT EVERYTHING TURNS OUT WRONG!

I'LL GET THE GOATS OUT OF THE BASEMENT AND HAVE THEM READY WHEN THE TRUCK GETS THERE!

LET'S GO IN THE BACK DOOR AND DO IT QUIETLY! MOTHER HAS A GUEST THIS EVENING... A NEW BEAU!

SUGAR, MR. AVERY... ER... WILLIAM?

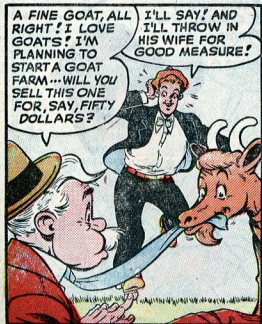
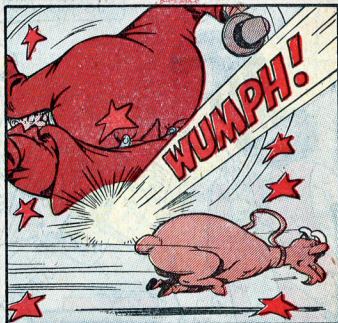
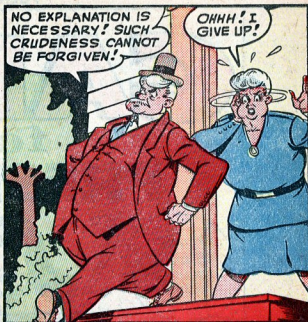
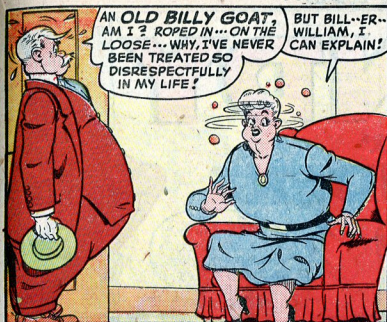
AHEM... ER... AH, WON'T YOU CALL ME BILL, MRS. WELKIN?

MY FAMILY IS SMALL, WILL... ER... BILL! I HAVE ONE DAUGHTER, MIGGS, WHO'S MARRIED TO A BOY NAMED EDGAR CRUMPT. WE CALL HIM HONEYBUN!

WELL, I HOPE THEY APPROVE OF ME FOR A... UM...

COME ON, MIGGS! HELP ME ROPE THE DARNED OLD BILLY GOAT!

I WILL, HONEYBUN! WE CAN'T LET HIM GET ON THE LOOSE AGAIN!



CANDY

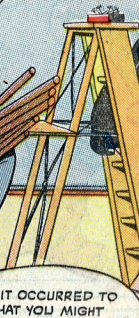
for
PRESIDENT

PINKY!
WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?



WELL, CANDY,
YOU SAID YOU
MIGHT NOT GET
TO THE POLES
IN TIME, SO I
BROUGHT THEM
TO YOU!

To the POLLS



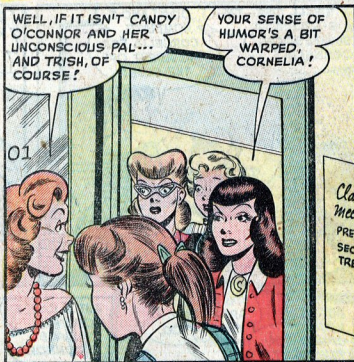
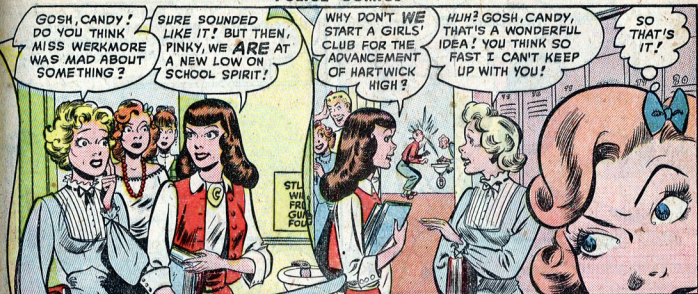
HAS IT OCCURRED TO
YOU THAT YOU MIGHT
FORM AN ORGANIZATION
OTHER THAN A JIVE
CLUB? CLASS
DISMISSED!

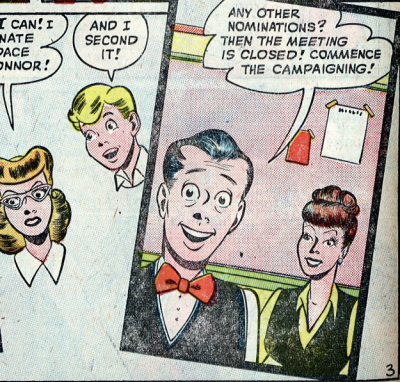
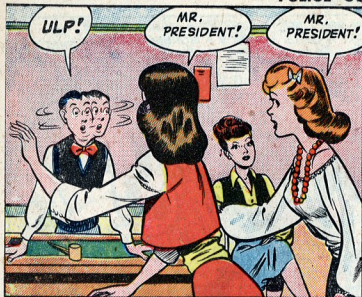
YOUR EXAMS ARE A DISGRACE!
YOUR SCHOOL SPIRIT IS NIL! YOU
HAVE NO CIVIC INTERESTS! AS
A CLASS, YOU'RE A FLOP!

THAT'S
GIVING IT
TO US!

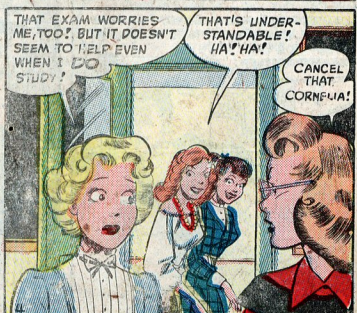
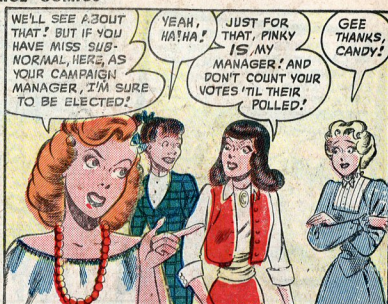


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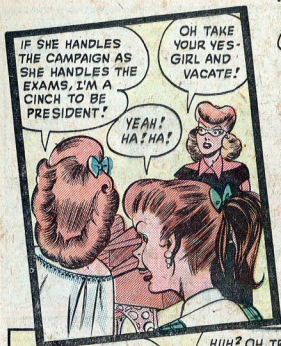




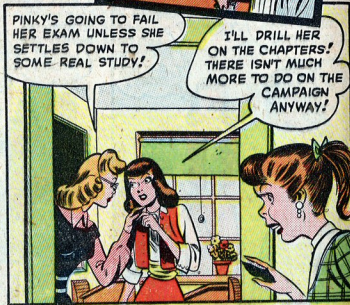
POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



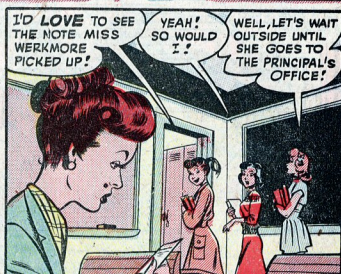
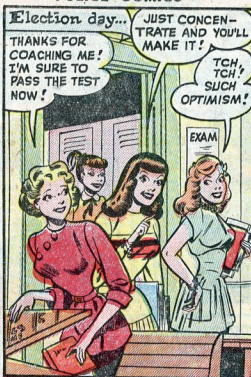
OH TAKE YOUR YES-GIRL AND VACATE!



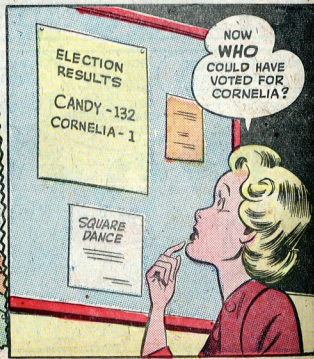
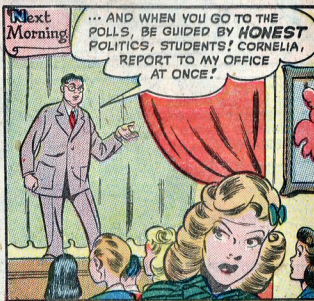
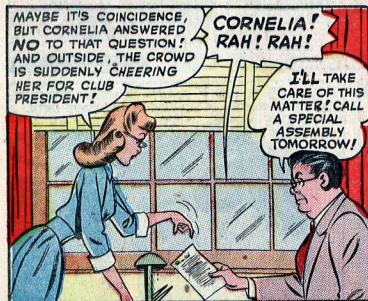
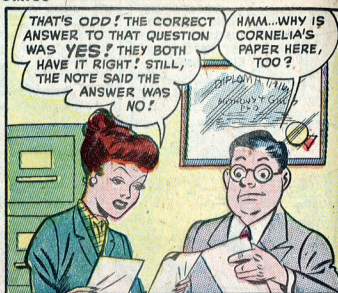
THAT'S SWELL, CANDY! I'D SURE HATE TO FAIL IT!



POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS





POLICE COMICS

Commissioner Dolan, Central City's police commissioner, gleans crime clues **EVERYWHERE!**

TELL ME THAT AGAIN, EBONY!

YES, MIST' DOLAN-- I HEARD **ONE** GENT'MUN SAY TO DE OTHA ... "RIFTY, WE'LL TELL DE SPIRIT EVVYTHING!"



AND THIS HAPPENED ON THE NEXT STREET CORNER?

DRINK HEARTY EBONY!-- SEE YOU LATER!

THAT'S ALL YOU WANT, KID? 'SCUSE ME, THEN!



THAT'S WHAT THE KID TOLD DOLAN, BOSS! AND I NEVER HEARD OF BUT **ONE** RIFTY IN **ANY** RACKET! HIS ONLY **GOOD** PAL IS GUVVER-- MAYBE THEY'RE BOTH GETTING READY TO SNITCH!



I'VE HEARD OF RIFTY --- HE'S RUMORED TO HAVE HELPED IN THE POST OFFICE ROBBERY! IF I GET THE DOPE BEFORE THE SPIRIT, THE MAYOR OUGHT TO GIVE ME A **PUBLIC CEREMONIAL RECOGNITION!**



WAIT! -- I WOULDN'T KNOW THE TWO CROOKS IF I SAW THEM! HOW --- ?



YOU HERE, SPIRIT?

WHERE ELSE? I HAD A MESSAGE TO MEET THESE TWO RATS! THEY WERE GOING TO TELL ME ---



I KNOW! THAT'S WHY I CAME-- TO BEAT YOU TO THEM!

THAT DEATH CAR'S GONE, BUT---



BUT DID YOU SEE THE LICENSE PLATE?

CLOSE ENOUGH TO SEE THAT IT WAS A **PHONY!**



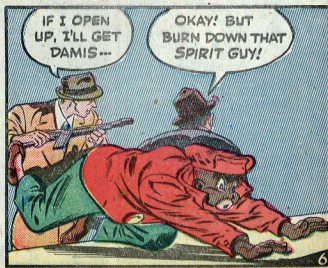
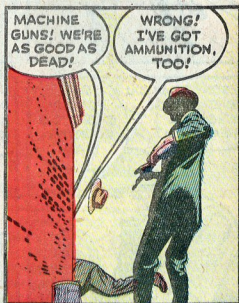
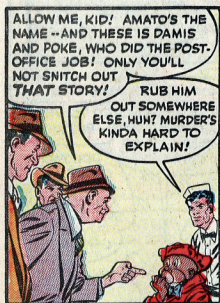
POLICE COMICS

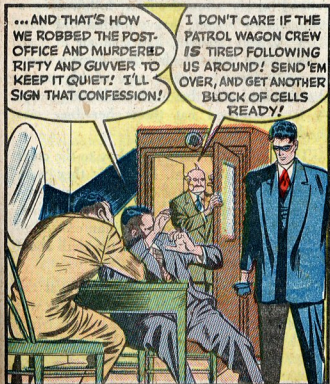
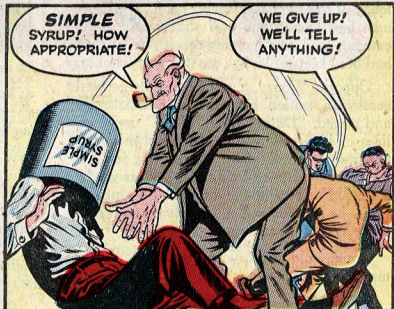


POLICE COMICS











SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER



WOOZY'S head nodded, and he blinked and sat up straight. Awful easy, he thought, to go to sleep in one of these big overstuffed chairs. And that would never do, because he was supposed to sit here, and keep his eyes open. Plas had said so. Woozy did not realize how out of place he looked in the lobby of this ultra-fashionable hotel. The doorman had looked him over suspiciously as he entered, and the morning-coated desk clerk had been keeping his eye on Woozy ever since.

Opposite Woozy, a redfaced, white-goated gentleman rustled his newspaper impatiently and glared. "Daring Jewel Theft," the headlines of his paper said, and the old man was thinking to himself that Woozy was just the rough-looking type of character who might be a thief. For reassurance he patted the pocket where he kept his wallet, and glared ferociously at Woozy again.

"Funny old guy," Woozy thought. "Looks mad about something!"

Plastic Man appeared for a moment in the outside doorway. They didn't look directly at each other, but Woozy knew that Plas was checking up and he tried hard to look intelligent. It would be a lot easier, he thought, if only he knew what was going on. How long would he have to sit here? And most of all, what was he looking for?

"Just keep your eyes open," Plas had told him, "for anything funny." Suppose he didn't recognize the right funny thing?

It was funny, for instance, the way that old man kept glaring at Woozy. It began to make him self-conscious. Gosh, he thought, maybe in a high-class dump like this he oughta take off his hat! He got up to look for another chair, and a little rug at his feet slipped just as he moved. Woozy tripped, and almost fell on top of the old gentleman.

The old man yelped and drew back, and the clerk started across the lobby with determination in his eye. Undoubtedly Woozy would

have been removed from that particular hotel lobby in a hurry if a diversion had not occurred. The doorman swept open the outer door with a flourish and a woman sailed into the lobby. Tall, white-haired, hawk-nosed, she was the type who demanded attention with every gesture. The clerk forgot Woozy and rushed up obsequiously to offer it.

"I am waiting for friends," she said, acknowledging the clerk with a glance through her lorgnette. "I'll not register until later."

"Certainly, Madam," the clerk purred. He ushered the dowager to a comfortable seat with much ceremony.

Woozy had scuttled to safety behind a big pillar, from which he continued to watch. Didn't any *ordinary* people ever come in here? What did Plas expect him to find out from watching people like this! He looked hopeful as the outside doors opened again, but as he studied the group of people who entered his face fell. More of the same.

A dapper little man carrying a briefcase walked briskly across the floor, followed by a distinguished-looking, heavy-jowled old guy. Both, Woozy thought, had that air of high society about them. Behind them came a woman, well dressed, with a rope of big pearls clanking against her bosom, but tall and gawky. A large-brimmed hat threw her face into shadow.

The two men crossed the lobby to the chair where the dowager sat. Evidently they were the friends for whom she had been waiting, for they greeted her and sat down beside her. The long-legged, awkward woman crossed to the desk and began to talk with the clerk about a room reservation.

Hey! Woozy looked more closely at the woman. Something funny . . . well, there was something odd about the way she moved. More like a man than a woman! Woozy peered more closely. The hair that he could see around her hat could easily be a wig. He remembered

POLICE COMICS

something Plas had told him, and looked down at her feet. They were enormous. Of course a woman *could* have such big feet, but it was darned suspicious.

"If he could just hear her voice! Cautiously, Woozy edged closer to the desk. The desk clerk looked up and frowned severely at him; but the woman didn't pay him any attention and went on addressing the clerk in a high, falsetto voice. It certainly sounded false. Woozy was sure she was a man in disguise.

She, too, settled down in a chair in the lobby. This in itself was suspicious. For one woman to do it, to meet friends, was natural. But for a second woman, for no apparent reason, not to go to her room, was darned funny. This, at least, was the way Woozy reasoned. Picking up a newspaper, he selected a chair facing the suspicious woman and sat down. The newspaper, he thought, would explain his presence. He was being very subtle. After he'd shaken out the paper in front of his face he peered over the top. Though the woman seemed to ignore his presence, she had outmaneuvered him, for she had turned her chair so that her big hat brim came between her face and Woozy. Her actions could be perfectly natural, but Woozy felt more and more certain he was on the right track. However, he must get a good look at her face!

Suddenly the woman's handbag slipped from her lap to the rug. Woozy was on his feet in a second and had leaped to retrieve it. He straightened up with the bag in his hand, expecting to look up directly into the woman's face. Instead, he saw only her back as she called across the lobby.

"Manager!" she squeaked in her high voice. "This man is annoying me! I want you to do something about it!"

"Wh-what?" Woozy gasped, feeling his face turning red. "I was not! I just wanted to return your..."

But the manager had raced across the lobby toward them, and from another direction came the heavy footsteps of the hotel detective.

"I am very sorry, Madam!" gasped the manager. "I'll have this... this character removed at once! I would have done so sooner,

but I didn't want to create a disturbance in the lobby."

"Hey!" Woozy cried. "You got it all wrong!" I was just..."

The hotel dick put his heavy hand on Woozy's arm and Woozy turned gratefully toward him.

"You're just the guy I wanta see!" he gasped. "This woman..."

"I wanta see you, too, pal," the dick said. "Right out in my office. Come along quiet now."

"But you don't understand! I gotta stay here! I can't leave..."

Despite all he could do, Woozy found himself being firmly urged across the lobby in response to a painful grip on his ear. Just as they were about to leave the lobby, they heard a shout from behind. The detective turned, and Woozy with him.

A strange sight met their eyes. The dapper little man, no longer so dapper, was struggling to get through the outside door. Clamped on his shoulder was a hand that came, unbelievably, from an arm stretched across the lobby by Woozy's suspicious woman. Her other arm was stretched out to hold the heavy-jowled man, while one foot was firmly planted to hold the dignified dowager pinned in her chair.

"It's Plas!" Woozy gasped.

"Plastic Man!" the detective yelled.

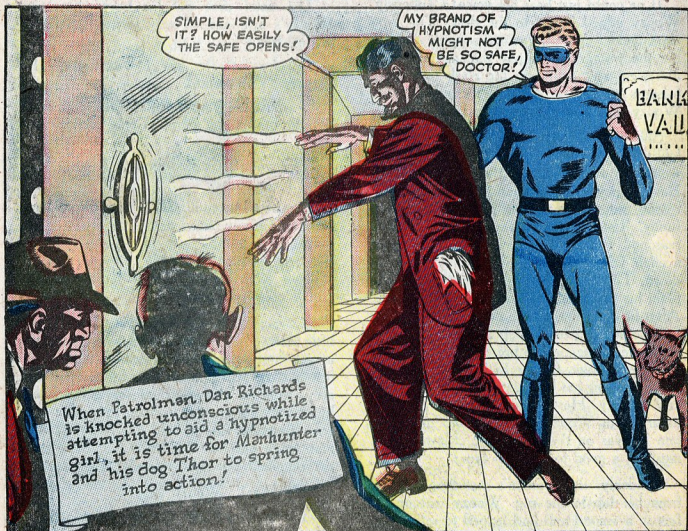
"And these," said Plastic Man, indicating the dowager and her two pals, "are the 'Dutchess' and her accomplices. I've been on their trail since they committed the big jewel robbery last night—but I didn't want to make a move until she transferred some of the loot to the men. That way we could prove charges against all three of them. They made the transfer while all eyes were watching Woozy create his little scene!"

After the police had arrived to take away the jewel thieves, Plas looked at Woozy and shook his head. "And the only suspicious character you could find," he said, "was me! I had to have you taken away, or you'd have given me away!"

"The trouble is, Plas," Woozy said sadly, "you don't have enough confidence in me!"

POLICE COMICS

MANHUNTER



HEY! SERGEANT SMITH IS GETTING TO BE A PRETTY GOOD ANNOUNCER! HE DOESN'T STUMBLE OVER WORDS THE WAY HE USED TO!

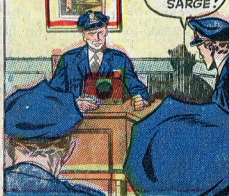
MISSING SINCE 10 P.M. YESTERDAY, MADGE WILLIAMS, AGE 21, HEIGHT 5'6", HAIR BLONDE...

NO TIME FOR THE RADIO NOW, MEN! WE'VE HAD THREE KIDNAPPINGS AND THREE BANK ROBBERIES THIS WEEK! I SUGGEST YOU THINK ABOUT THEM FOR A CHANGE!

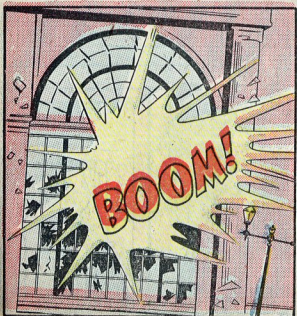
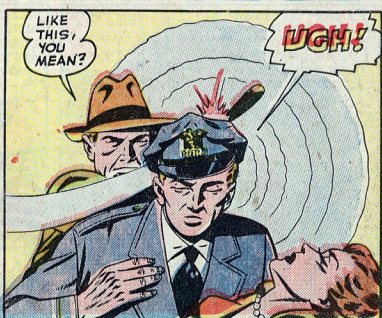
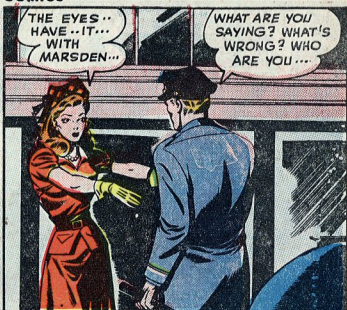
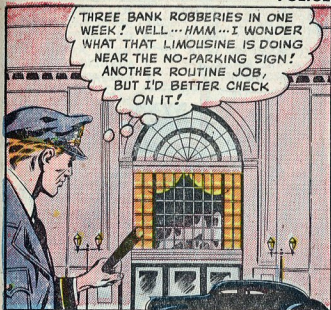
IT'S SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT, SARGE!

YOU BET, DAN! NOW, MEN, YOU'RE GOING ON DUTY IN A FEW MINUTES! TAKE NO CHANCES... SHOOT TO KILL!

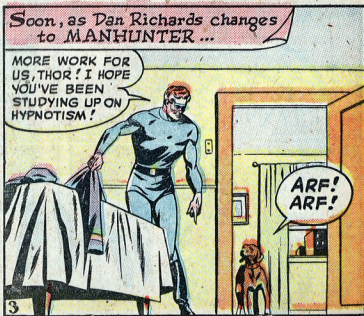
THAT'S IT, SARGE!



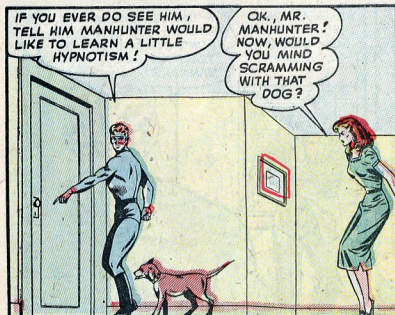
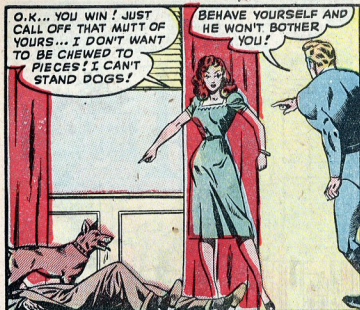
POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS









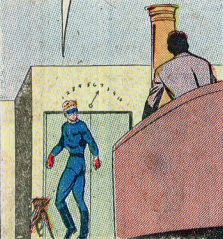
POLICE COMICS

INSPECTOR QUINN,
THIS IS MANHUNTER!
MEET ME AT THE
CONGRESS HOTEL,
ROOM 513, IN
15 MINUTES!

RIGHT,
MANHUNTER!
I'LL BE
THERE
WITH SOME
OF THE BOYS!



CALL UP ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL
AND TELL THEM TO SEND AN
AMBULANCE HERE! SOMEONE
MIGHT NEED ONE, SOON!



FIFTH FLOOR,
THOR! ALL OUT
FOR ROOM
513!



ARE YOU
PLANNING
A TRIP, BY
CHANCE?

LET HIM HAVE IT, MEN!
IT'S MANHUNTER!



DIS IS DE
RECEPTION
COMMITTEE,
MANHUNTER!
AWRRK!

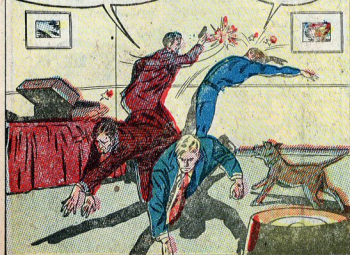
UGH!

CHARMED,
I'M SURE!



THIS SHOULD MAKE YOU
A WILLING SUBJECT FOR
ME TO HYPNOTIZE!

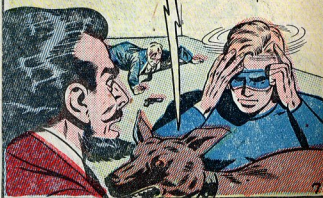
OHRRR...
GET HIM,
THOR!



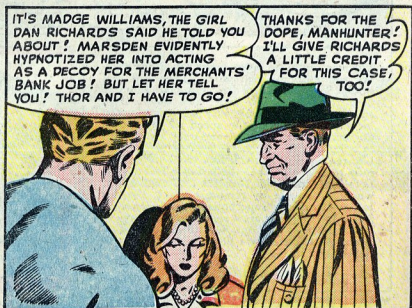
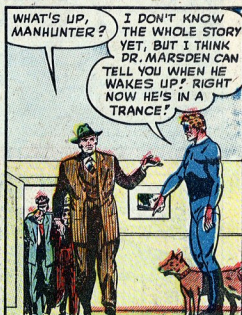
HELP! GET
THIS BRUTE
AWAY FROM
ME!

GRRR!
GRRR!

THANKS, THOR
OLD SPORT!
THAT WAS
CLOSE!



POLICE COMICS



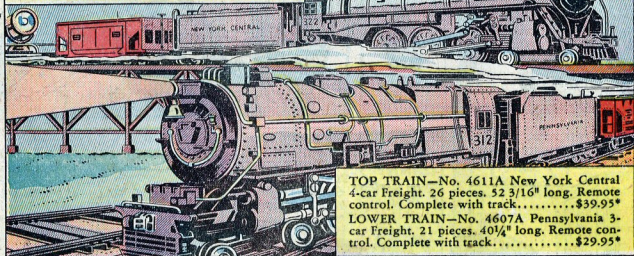
AMERICAN FLYER

Developed at the GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE

WATCH
'EM PUFF
SMOKE!

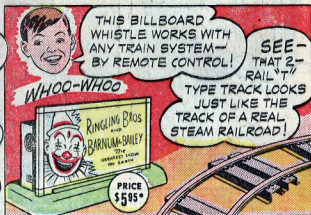
HEAR 'EM
CHOO-CHOO

Only American Flyer has real smoke and realistic "choo-choo" sounds synchronized with train speed. The faster your train goes, the heavier are the puffs of smoke . . . the louder and faster the "choo-choos."



TOP TRAIN—No. 4611A New York Central 4-car Freight. 26 pieces. 52 3/16" long. Remote control. Complete with track.....\$39.95*
LOWER TRAIN—No. 4607A Pennsylvania 3-car Freight. 21 pieces. 40 1/4" long. Remote control. Complete with track.....\$29.95*

NEW TALKING RAILROAD STATION



The new American Flyers bring you all the wonder and glory of railroading. They puff real smoke. They reproduce the "choo-choo" sounds of a real locomotive under full steam. Both smoke and "choo-choos" vary in intensity as you increase or decrease the speed of your train. Locomotives, tenders, cars and track are all built to uniform 3/16" scale, so that your train looks like real—hugs the track like real. And a two-loop track layout takes space only 6 feet square. Cars have automatic couplers that couple anywhere. Uncouple by remote control. Die-cast locomotives have superpower worm drive for smooth, steady pull at all speeds from a crawl to 120 scale miles per hour. See and hear the sensational American Flyers at your nearest toy or department store.

*Denver and west, prices slightly higher



COLOSSAL TRAIN BOOK, 32 big pages with color illustrations of American Flyer trains, automatic log loader, coal loader and other sensational equipment. Mail coupon with 10¢, Gilbert Hall of Science, 44 Eector Square, New Haven, Conn. I enclose 10¢. Rush colossal train book.

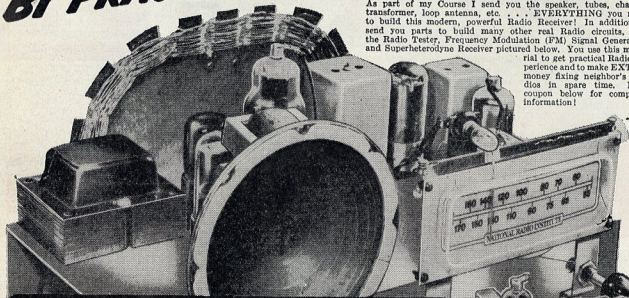
Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

(This offer good only in U. S. A.)

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I SEND YOU BIG KITS OF PARTS

**You Build and Experiment
With this MODERN RADIO
AND MANY OTHER CIRCUITS**



J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute

I TRAINED THESE MEN



Makes \$50 A Week Plus Bonus
"I am Radio Serviceman for The Adams Appliance Co. Am now getting \$90 a week plus bonus and overtime." — W. A. ANGEL, Blytheville, Ark.



Know Nothing About Radio
"I knew nothing about Radio when I enrolled. I am doing spare time work. I have more than paid for my Course and about \$20 worth of equipment." — RAYMOND HOLTZCAMP, Vandalia, Illinois.

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in RADIO—Television, Electronics," both FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

Many Beginners Soon Make EXTRA Money in Spare Time While Learning
The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY manuals that show you how to make EXTRA money fixing neighbor's Radios in spare time while still learning! It's probably easier to get started now than ever before, because the Radio Repair Business is booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Ra-

dio Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even GREATER opportunities as public demand for Television, FM, Electronic devices continues to grow. Send for FREE books now!

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National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

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FREQUENCY MODULATION**



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Here's a real he-man's gun.

Get this lightning

—loading, fast-shooting 1000-shot Air Rifle, with 5 tubes of shot. Sell one order plus \$2.00 extra.

CAMP-FIRE UKULELE

Full size. Decorated with Western scene. Clear mellow tone. Sell only one order Xmas Packs.



DICK TRACY CAMERA

Takes 16 pictures on each roll of film; has compartment for extra roll. This fine camera and carrying case given for selling one order.



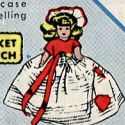
POCKET WATCH

Standard size American made Pocket Watch with leather fob. Sell one order of Xmas Packs.



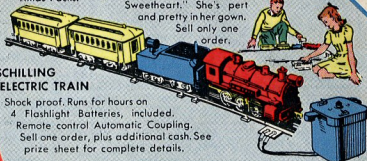
SWEETHEART DOLL

You'd love to own "Peggy Sweetheart." She's pert and pretty in her gown. Sell one order.



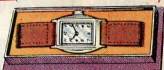
SCHILLING ELECTRIC TRAIN

Shock proof. Runs for hours on 4 Flashlight Batteries, included. Remote control Automatic Coupling. Sell one order, plus additional cash. See prize sheet for complete details.



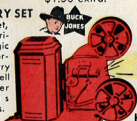
WRIST WATCH

Beautiful Wrist Watches for Girls and Boys. Sell one order, plus \$1.50 extra.



SHOW HOME MOVIES

Get this 16MM Excel Projector, including cord and 50 ft. of Cowboy Film. All given. Sell one order plus \$3.50 extra.



Touchdown!

OFFICIAL SIZE FOOTBALL Sell one order of Xmas Packs



DRESSER SET

FULL SIZE Comb, Brush and Mirror —exquisite—beautifully decorated. Sell one order of Xmas Packs.



FAMOUS TEXAN JR.

All Metal Cap Pistol with genuine leather Holster & Jeweled Belt. Sell only one order.

COMPLETE BASKETBALL SET

Full-size ball with steel goal and net. Sell one order plus \$1.25 extra.



TWO TELEPHONES

for person-to-person calls, between houses; or from floor to floor. Runs on 4 Flashlight batteries, included. Sell one order of Xmas packs, plus \$2.00.



MORE PRIZES

shown in our Big Prize Sheet
Electric Phonograph
Air Pistol
Boxing Gloves
Jewelry
Flash Camera Outfit
Tool Set
Woodburning Set
Pen & Pencil Set
Travelling Case

OUR 30th YEAR

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

BOYS! GIRLS! Get swell prizes for yourself or gifts for Mother and Dad. Most prizes shown above and many others in our **BIG PRIZE SHEET** are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in **BIG PRIZE SHEET**.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends and neighbors. Each pack contains 96 Sparkling Xmas Seals in brilliant colors—a big value. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Sheet.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Sheet—tell us what prize you want.

SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 715, Lancaster, Pa.

**AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.,
Dept. 715 Lancaster, Pa.**

Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of Prize is _____

Name _____

Street Address _____
or R.F.D. Box _____

City _____

State _____